Multiversal Transmutation and Rescripted Destinies: An Empirical Analysis of Cosmic Fate Modification in Tragic Timelines

The cosmic fabric of the multiverse operates under the continuous oversight of the Endless—primal entities that embody concepts older than mortal consciousness itself. Among these eternal beings, Destiny stands as the eldest, tethered irrevocably to his massive, leather-bound volume containing the immutable ledger of every event that has occurred, is occurring, or ever will occur. Within this infinite manuscript, every breath, every heartbeat, and every tragic demise is recorded across countless dimensional planes.

When cosmic suffering within a specific continuum reaches a critical threshold that violates the overarching narrative balance, Destiny exercises a rare authority. Reaching across the expanse of reality, the hooded figure pauses, his pale hands tracing the lines of suffering inscribed within the text. With a silent, deliberate motion, Destiny crosses out the boxes marking tragedy and unmerited death, reweaving the threads of fate. Souls extinguished in brutal violence are pulled from the void, transported across time and space, and placed into restored realities. These interventions follow a precise, organic restoration protocol: mortal remains are reassembled, age is regressed to pivotal moments of potential, clothing is recreated from foundational undergarments upward, memories are seamlessly re-integrated, and tragic losses are retroactively erased.

Trajectory Parameter	**Subject 1: Museum Timeline Subject**	**Subject 2: Chicago Precinct Subject A**	**Subject 3: Chicago Precinct Subject B**
Primary Source Work	*T-Rex: Back to the Cretaceous* (1998)[1]	*Paradigm Shift* (Dirk I. Tiede)[3]	*Paradigm Shift* (Dirk I. Tiede)[3]
Restored Age Baseline	Biological Age 16 (Journey Start)[1]	Biological Age 27 (Detective Promotion)[4]	Mid-20s Prime (Partner & Spouse)[4]
Ethnicity & Ancestry	Caucasian (Euro-American)	Caucasian (Scotch-Irish Heritage)[4]	Caucasian (Euro-American)[5]
Ocular & Hair	Brown eyes,	Vivid green eyes,	Grey/Blue eyes,

Profile	Shoulder-length brown hair[6]	Auburn hair with tendrils[4]	Short brown hair[5]
Pre-Restoration Trauma	Bomb blast amputation, severe beating, tooth loss	Fatal gunshot & claw trauma from rogue faction	Fatal gunshot & tearing trauma from rogue faction
Key Genetic Perks	Integrated egg dust; peak stamina, sensory acuity	Stabilized lycanthropy; clothes-retaining shift	Infection-stabilized lycanthropy; full shift control
Primary Garment Layers	Blue undershirt, red V-neck, cardigan, light jeans	Sporty baseball sleeve tee, dark denim jeans[4]	Dark leather jacket, dark jeans, boots[8]
Signature Accessories	Silver locket, brown headband[6]	Gold wedding ring, watch, red high-tops[4]	Gold wedding ring, watch, pocket tools
Restoration Location	Natural History Museum Lab Chair[2]	Wrigleyville Apartment (Dayton St., Chicago)[8]	Wrigleyville Apartment (Dayton St., Chicago)[8]

Section 1: The Shadow of Final Breath

The final moments of the tragic timeline unfold beneath the vaulted archways of the natural history museum. Decades after her original, extraordinary voyage into the Late Cretaceous period, an older, weathered woman stands alone in the dimly lit hall of paleontology[2]. A violent faction of heavily armed looters has breached the facility, intent on plundering priceless prehistoric specimens and rigging the structural supports with high-yield military explosives. Refusing to let the haven of science and memory fall to destruction, she engages the intruders in a desperate attempt to stall their detonation sequence.

The confrontation is brutal. The assailants show no mercy, beating her violently across the face and torso. Blows shatter her jaw, knocking out most of her teeth, leaving her mouth full of blood as she falls against the display cases. Despite her severe injuries, her resolve remains unbroken. Dragging herself across the cold marble floor toward the central bomb rig, she utilizes a fallen wrench to jam the timer mechanism, triggering an immediate, localized blast that containment-seals the primary hall, protecting the surrounding city at the cost of her own life.

The explosion ruptures the immediate atmosphere in a blinding flash of orange fire and shattering glass. The force of the detonation tears through her body, severing her limbs and

mortally tearing her lungs. As the darkness closes in and the flames consume the wreckage, her final words slip past shattered lips, a quiet whisper echoing through the burning hall: *"Dad... I kept the history safe..."* Her breath stops, her pulse flatlines, and her form is lost to the rubble, unacknowledged by name in the cold stillness of death.

In an alternate, dystopian future timeline set within the rain-slicked alleys of Chicago, a pair of seasoned combatants fight their ultimate battle[3]. Once decorated officers of the Chicago Police Department, the husband and wife duo stand shoulder-to-shoulder against an extremist lycanthropic faction seeking to eradicate humanity and establish a predatory global order[3]. Both individuals bear the burden of lycanthropy—the female having contracted the condition during a historic series of animal maulings, and her husband having been forcibly infected during a covert ambush by the enemy faction[3].

Surrounded in an abandoned industrial rail yard near the Chicago River, they face overwhelming numbers[9]. High-caliber automatic fire and jagged, predatory claws tear through their defenses. The female combatant fights with fierce, kickboxing-infused combat techniques, her natural aggression pushed to its absolute limit[4]. Her husband fires his weapon until empty, using his broad physique to shield her from a salvo of armor-piercing rounds[4]. Despite their superhuman resilience and accelerated healing factors, the sheer volume of trauma overwhelms their vital systems[4]. Armor-piercing rounds shatter their spines, and deep, fatal tear wounds open their chests. Blood pools on the wet asphalt, mixing with the falling rain. Falling together onto the cold earth, their bloodied hands reach out, fingers intertwining until their gold wedding bands press together. The male officer, coughing up blood, looks into his wife's faded green eyes and chokes out his last words: *"Together... to the end, partner..."* She squeezes his hand with the last remnant of her strength, whispering her final response: *"Always... my love..."* Their eyes cloud over, their hearts stop simultaneously, and their heroic end remains unnamed in the silent, dark alley.

Section 2: The Metamorphosis of Flesh and Bone

Across the dimensional void, Destiny turns a heavy vellum page in the ancient book bound to his wrist. His pale index finger crosses out the boxes marking the tragic demises of the museum protector and the fallen police partners. Instantly, the narrative threads dissolve and reweave. In the natural history museum laboratory, bathed in a soft, ethereal luminescence, the broken body of the female time-traveler rests atop a high-backed wooden lab chair—the exact location where, as a teenager, she had inadvertently knocked over a fossilized egg specimen[2].

Biological Stage	Subject 1 Mechanics (Museum Subject)	Subjects 2 & 3 Mechanics (Chicago Cop Couple)
1. Primary Vascular Repair	Golden kinetic energy stitches arterial and pulmonary tissue.	Accelerated cellular closure forces out lead/shrapnel.

2. Skeletal & Tissue Growth	Severed limbs emerge with scaly green/bronze hides and 3/4 digits.	Spinal columns knit back together; scars erase completely.
3. Oral & Dentition Shift	Jaw realigns; missing teeth regrow as serrated theropod teeth.	Canine structure refines; oral trauma reverses instantly.
4. Human Stabilization	Scaly hide vanishes; digits reshape to human fingers; teeth revert.	DNA stabilizes; voluntary shift granted with full mental control.
5. Genetic Enhancement	Microscopic egg dust merges into DNA; peak human stamina granted.	Lycanthropic strength/speed retained; clothes remain undamaged.
6. Biological Age Fixation	Biological age locks precisely to 16 years old[1].	Female locks to age 27[4]; Male locks to mid-20s prime[5].

The process of biological restoration begins on a cellular level. Microscopic threads of golden light stitch together her damaged cardiovascular system. Where her limbs were violently severed in the explosion, raw kinetic energy pulses from her torso. The regrowing tissue demonstrates a profound, ancient evolutionary memory. Outwardly extending from her shoulders and hips, the emerging limb structures initially take on a distinctly avian-dinosaurian morphology: thick, scaly hides of mottled green and bronze emerge, terminating in three sharp, curved talons flanked by a vestigial fourth digit, echoing the theropod anatomy of the Late Cretaceous[2]. Within her damaged oral cavity, the jawbones realign with audible clicks, and the missing teeth emerge not as human enamel, but as pointed, serrated theropod dentition, glistening in the soft light.

This prehistoric re-emergence is temporary—a structural bridge facilitated by the lingering microscopic fossilized egg dust trapped within her cellular matrix since her youth[2]. As the cosmic script stabilizes her form, the scaly hides smooth out, the talons retract and reshape into delicate, agile human fingers with clean fingernails, and the serrated teeth melt back into a flawless set of natural human incisors, canines, and molars. The remnant egg dust integrates permanently into her double-helix DNA, binding with her genetic code to provide enhanced physiological traits: hyper-efficient metabolic processing, peak human physical stamina, superior bone density, and razor-sharp sensory acuity, while keeping her 100% human. Her age regresses rapidly, shedding decades of wear and trauma, locking her biological age back to exactly 16 years old—her exact age at the start of her temporal journey[1]. Her skin restores to its smooth, fair Caucasian tone, free of scars or blemishes, while her medium-brown hair flows

outward, regaining its natural sheen and shoulder-length cut[6].
Simultaneously, within the quiet sanctuary of a third-floor apartment on Dayton Street in Chicago's Wrigleyville neighborhood, two forms rest side-by-side upon a plush, soft rug[8]. Destiny's intervention reaches into their shattered biology, targeting the complex interplay between their human DNA and the bio-engineered lycanthropic strain woven into their systems[4].
The fatal gunshot wounds and deep lacerations covering their bodies begin to reverse. Vascular networks reconstruct themselves at blinding speed, forcing shrapnel and flattened lead projectiles out of their flesh, where they fall silently onto the carpet. Broken spinal columns knit back together with dull, resonant snaps. The female cop's body de-ages rapidly, settling precisely at 27 years old—her athletic, kickboxing-trained physique returning to its prime, 5-foot-8-inch frame[4]. Her fair Caucasian skin, reflecting her Scotch-Irish heritage, clears entirely of battle scars[4]. Her long auburn hair cascades over her shoulders, its signature front tendrils and stylized bangs forming their iconic silhouette[4]. Her husband's broader, 8-head heroic frame undergoes identical restoration, his biological clock resetting to his mid-20s prime, his short brown hair thickening, and his grey-blue eyes settling behind closed lids[5]. Crucially, the multiversal shift purifies and stabilizes their lycanthropic capabilities[4]. Rather than an unstable, agonizing curse driven by uncontrolled berserker rages, their wolf-gene stabilizes completely. Both individuals retain their enhanced physical strength, heightened olfactory and auditory senses, and accelerated healing factors[4]. Most significantly, their transformation mechanics are perfected: they can now trigger shapeshifting at will, maintaining complete cognitive control while transformed, and when returning to human form, their clothing remains entirely intact and undamaged, eliminating the destructive wear typically caused by cellular expansion.

Section 3: The Weaving of Attire and Artifacts

As both subject sites reach biological stabilization, the cosmic reweaving transitions from living tissue to physical attire. The clothing does not simply materialize out of nothingness; it is woven from foundational layers outward while the subjects remain in a deep, peaceful sleep.
For the 16-year-old paleontologist in the museum lab, the restorative sequence begins with sensible, soft white cotton underwear that snaps gently against her restored waistline[1]. Next, a fine-knit, heather-blue short-sleeved undershirt slides over her torso, its hem settling smoothly against her hips. Over this blue layer, a dark red, full-sleeved V-neck shirt glides up her arms, the cuffs rustling softly as they extend to her wrists.

Subject Garment Layer	Subject 1 Materialization (Museum Subject)	Subjects 2 & 3 Materialization (Chicago Cops)
Layer 1: Underwear	Soft white cotton briefs	Female: Gray sports bra &

	(*snap* sound against skin).	briefs[12]; Male: Boxer-briefs.
Layer 2: Base Tops/Bottoms	Heather-blue undershirt & red full-sleeve V-neck shirt.	Female: Baseball sleeve tee[4]; Male: Charcoal t-shirt.
Layer 3: Trousers & Fasteners	Light blue denim jeans (*zzzzip* zipper, *clack* button).	Female: Dark jeans (*zzzip* zipper)[4]; Male: Work trousers (*click* buckle).
Layer 4: Outer Jackets	Brown fair-isle knit cardigan sweater worn open[6].	Male: Heavy dark brown leather jacket (*creak* leather)[8].
Layer 5: Footwear & Socks	White socks, grey canvas sneakers with tied bows.	Female: Red Converse high-tops[4]; Male: Leather boots.
Layer 6: Accessories & Rings	Brown headband[6], silver locket necklace (*click*)[6].	Gold wedding rings restored on left ring fingers; watches[4].

Following the shirts, her iconic brown knit cardigan jacket—adorned with its intricate, fair-isle geometric patterns in earth tones—materializes over her shoulders, worn open in her traditional, casual style[6]. The fabric produces crisp, tactile sounds of wool fibers settling. Downward, light blue denim jeans slide up her legs, complete with the metallic *clack* of a silver button fastening at the waist and the sharp, rising *zzzzip* of a brass zipper closing smoothly. On her feet, white cotton ankle socks appear first, followed by her light grey canvas sneakers, the cotton laces tightening and tying themselves into neat bows with a quiet friction sound.

Finally, accessories materialize: a thin, dark brown headband slides over her crown, holding her shoulder-length brown hair back from her face[6]. Around her neck, a fine silver chain clasps with a metallic *click*, suspending a polished oval silver locket—an artifact once lost in the prehistoric mud of the Cretaceous, now restored to brand-new condition[6]. As the final garment settles, her body adjusts slightly on the chair, adopting a resting posture that looks as though she is simply taking a short break before picking up her paleontology tools to guide a museum tour or clean a fossil specimen[2].

In the Wrigleyville apartment, the clothing restoration for the two former detectives proceeds with identical precision[8]. The process begins with functional undergarments: for the female detective, a supportive gray athletic sports bra and matching cotton briefs materialize, fitting her athletic frame perfectly[4]. For her husband, dark gray cotton boxer-briefs fit snugly across his hips.

For the female officer, a two-tone baseball-sleeve shirt—white along the torso with

three-quarter length dark navy sleeves—slides over her arms, the fabric whispering as it fits over her chest[4]. Dark blue denim jeans pull up her long legs, the heavy brass zipper closing with a distinct *zzzzip* sound, followed by the firm *snap* of the waist button. Her red Converse high-top sneakers slide onto her feet over black socks, their white laces threading through metal eyelets and tying securely[4]. In her jean pockets, her daily carry items materialize: a set of apartment keys, a leather pocket planner, and a small metal whistle. On her left wrist, a silver digital sports watch clasps shut.

For her husband, a dark charcoal grey crew-neck t-shirt weaves into place, followed by a thick, dark brown leather street jacket featuring heavy brass zippers and pocket snaps[8]. The leather creaks softly as it conforms to his broad shoulders. Dark charcoal work trousers slide over his legs, secured by a heavy black leather belt with a steel buckle that clicks firmly into the third hole. Black leather police-issue service boots lace up his ankles, their rubber soles gripping the rug beneath him. His pockets fill with his preferred multi-tool, a small pocket notepad, and his leather wallet.

Crucially, as the clothing synthesis finishes, two key artifacts appear upon their left ring fingers: their original gold wedding bands materialize around their digits, shining brilliantly with no scratches or dents. As the process completes, both officers lay side-by-side, their posture relaxed, looking as though they are rested and ready to gear up, head out to the precinct, and tackle a high-profile criminal investigation together[4].

Section 4: The Awakenings of Mind and Identity

The deep sleep state gradually lifts. Consciousness returns like a tide rising over dry sand. On the chair inside the museum laboratory, the 16-year-old girl stirs, her brown eyes fluttering open as she takes a deep, clear breath of indoor air[1]. Initially, her mind is a completely blank slate—a quiet void free of disorientation or pain.

Within seconds, the dam breaks. A vast cascade of memories rushes into her mind, weaving her original past with the altered reality crafted by Destiny's hand[2]. She remembers her deep love for prehistoric life, her childhood spent analyzing fossil structures, and her extraordinary time-travel journey into the Late Cretaceous, where she met legend Charles R. Knight, fossil hunter Barnum Brown, and stood face-to-face with a living mother *Tyrannosaurus rex*[2]. Alongside these memories, the new thread of fate establishes itself: she clearly remembers that her mother never passed away, and that her family remained whole and vibrant throughout her youth.

Sitting up straight on the lab chair, her hands reach up to touch her face, feeling smooth skin, complete sets of teeth, and the familiar headband in her hair[6]. Her fingers drop to her chest, encountering the cool surface of the silver locket[6]. She looks down at her worn sneakers and light blue jeans, recognizing the surroundings of her father's research facility[2]. Her full identity crystallizes within the cosmic record: middle name Elizabeth, surname Hayden—confirming her restored identity as **Ally** Elizabeth Hayden[1].

"I'm back..." **Ally** whispers to herself, her voice full of awe as she stands up, testing her footing. "The lab... my dad... everything is intact."

In the Wrigleyville apartment, the two former officers awaken simultaneously[8]. The morning light streams through the tall windows, casting geometric patterns across the wooden floorboards. Their eyelids open—hers revealing striking, clear green eyes, his revealing steady grey-blue eyes[4]. For a brief breath, neither speaks, their minds resting in absolute tranquility. Then, the full chronology of their lives floods their consciousness with overwhelming clarity. They remember everything: their early years on the Chicago police force, cracking complex cases, their promotion after solving a high-profile homicide, their banter and partnership, their developing lycanthropy, their secret wedding, and their long fight against dark forces[4].
Alongside these hard-earned experiences, Destiny's alteration fills the female detective's mind with warm memories: she remembers that her mother did not die of cancer when she was eleven, and her father—a dedicated violent crimes investigator—was not killed in the line of duty when she was fifteen[4]. Instead, both parents lived long, fulfilling lives, joining her older brother in raising her, filling her childhood home with love, guidance, and support[4].
Sitting up rapidly on the rug, the female officer looks down at her hands, then at her husband. Her identity within the cosmic ledger shifts seamlessly: former Violent Crimes Detective Elizabeth McAllister is confirmed in full as Detective **Kathryn** Elizabeth McAllister[4]. Beside her, her husband sits up, rubbing his neck, his identity transitioning from former Detective Francis Stuart to his full, active title: Detective **Michael** Francis Stuart[4].
"Mike..." **Kathryn** breathes out, her voice trembling slightly as she grabs his shoulders. "**Michael**... look at us. Look at your arms. The wounds... they're completely gone!"
Michael looks down at his chest, flexing his broad hands, his fingers brushing against his gold wedding band. "Kate... **Kathryn**... I feel better than I did when we were rookies. How is this possible? We were down in that rail yard... we were finished."
"I don't know," **Kathryn** says, her green eyes wide as she smiles—her signature, witty expression returning[4]. "But my head is full of memories... good ones. My mom, my dad... **Michael**, they didn't die! They're alive! They raised me with my brother!"

Section 5: Exploration, Rekindled Bonds, and Multiversal Convergence

Standing up from the lab chair, **Ally** Elizabeth Hayden takes her first steps across the polished floor of the natural history museum laboratory[2]. She marvels at her physical state: her legs feel weightless, her balance is absolute, and her vision is sharp, allowing her to read the fine print on distant exhibit labels across the room. She walks over to a display table featuring a replica skull of an *Ornithomimus*, running her fingers smoothly over the cast surface[2].
Leaving the lab, **Ally** wanders into the main exhibition hall. Sunlight filters through the high clerestory windows, illuminating towering fossil skeletons of *Parasaurolophus*, *Pteranodon*, and the magnificent *Tyrannosaurus rex*[6]. The hall is alive with the quiet hum of museum preparations. As she approaches the central atrium, footsteps echo against the marble floor. Turning the corner, a young woman carrying a stack of educational brochures stops in her tracks, looking at **Ally** with a bright smile.
"There you are, **Ally**!" her sister calls out, setting the brochures on a bench and walking over.

"Dad was looking for you in the office. He said you were supposed to help review the excavation logs for the Red Deer River dig[2]."
Ally stands frozen for a second before a radiant smile breaks across her face. "Red Deer River... the badlands! He's actually taking us?"
"Taking us?" her sister laughs, slinging an arm around **Ally**'s shoulders. "Of course he is! You convinced him last week with your paper on theropod nesting habits[2]. Come on, they're all waiting in the main office."
Together, they walk toward the administrative wing. Opening the heavy wooden doors, **Ally** steps into a sunlit office filled with framed paleontology sketches and fossil maps[2]. Standing around the central desk are three figures: her father, Dr. Donald Hayden, his key research assistant, Jesse, and her mother, alive and smiling warmly[2].
"Ah, **Ally**! Just in time," Dr. Donald Hayden says, adjusting his glasses as he looks up from a map[2]. "Jesse and I were just reviewing the transport manifests for the Alberta trip[2]. Your hypothesis on *T. rex* parental care turned out to be the breakthrough we needed to secure the university grant[2]."
"Ally, you look like you've seen a ghost," Jesse jokes, offering a friendly hand-wave[6]. "Or did you fall asleep in the Cretaceous wing again?"
Tears of pure happiness pool in **Ally**'s brown eyes[6]. She moves forward quickly, throwing her arms around her father's neck, then pulling her mother and sister into the embrace.
"Hey, hey! What's all this about?" Donald asks gently, hugging his daughter back tightly while chuckling[2].
"I just... I'm just so glad we're all here," **Ally** says, pulling back to look at her family and Jesse[2]. "I'm ready, Dad. Let's go find some dinosaurs[2]."
In Chicago, Detective **Kathryn** Elizabeth McAllister and Detective **Michael** Francis Stuart step out of their Wrigleyville apartment and onto the sunlit rooftop of their Dayton Street building[8]. The brisk Chicago air fills their lungs, carrying the rich scents of the city: lake breezes, coffee from the corner shop near Belmont, and distant train traffic on the CTA lines[8].
"Alright, partner," **Kathryn** says, turning to face **Michael** with an eager grin[4]. "Let's test these upgraded perks. I want to see how this stabilized transformation feels."
Closing her eyes, **Kathryn** focuses her intent. Instead of the painful, violent surge of raw rage that used to accompany her shift, her lycanthropic power flows smoothly through her system like liquid silver[4]. Her green eyes flash with a brilliant, amber-gold luminescence[4]. Her canine teeth elongate into sleek fangs, and neat, sharp claws extend from her fingertips without tearing her hands or damaging her fingernails[4]. A subtle, athletic wolf-like aura envelops her, enhancing her speed and agility, yet her baseball shirt, jeans, and Converse sneakers remain completely unfazed, adjusting seamlessly to her subtle physical shifts[4].
"Whoa," **Michael** says, watching her in fascination[4]. He focuses his own mind, triggering his own shift. His eyes glow a deep, calm blue, his broad shoulders flexing as his claws emerge[5]. He takes a quick step forward, performing a controlled, lightning-fast light sparring swipe that **Kathryn** dodges effortlessly with a fluid kickboxing duck[4].
"Speed is up at least fifty percent," **Kathryn** laughs, leaping lightly onto the brick ledge of the

rooftop fire escape and balancing effortlessly on one foot[4]. "And look—not a single thread torn! No ruined clothes!"

"That's going to save us a fortune on wardrobe," **Michael** quips, retracting his claws and returning his eyes to their natural grey-blue tone[5]. He walks over, catching her by the waist as she hops down from the ledge, pulling her into a loving kiss. "I love you, Detective."

"Love you too, Detective," she replies softly, resting her head against his chest.

Their moment of quiet joy is interrupted by the sound of the apartment buzzer echoing up the stairwell from the third floor down below.

"Expecting someone?" **Michael** asks, raising an eyebrow[11].

Kathryn's heightened sense of smell catches familiar scents drifting up the hallway—scents of home, leather polish, and fresh pastries. Her eyes light up with emotion. "It's them, **Michael**! They're here!"

They hurry down the stairs and open the front door of their apartment[8]. Standing in the hallway is **Kathryn**'s older brother, flanked by two people she thought she had lost to history: her mother, looking healthy and vibrant, holding a box of fresh bakery donuts, and her father, the legendary former violent crimes investigator, standing tall with a warm, proud expression[4].

"Hey, kiddo!" her brother says, stepping forward first to give her a side-hug. "Mom brought breakfast from the bakery on Belmont[8]."

Kathryn stands in the doorway, her breath hitching as she looks at her parents[4]. Her mother sets the box down on a side table and opens her arms wide.

"Kate, honey, come here," her mother says warmly[4].

Kathryn rushes forward, wrapping her arms tightly around both her mother and her father, hiding her face against her father's jacket as tears of joy spill over her cheeks[4]. Her father wraps his strong arms around his daughter and son-in-law, patting **Michael** firmly on the back[4].

"Look at you two," her father says, his voice rough with paternal pride[4]. "Best detective team in the whole department[4]. We couldn't be prouder of you both."

"Dad... Mom..." **Kathryn** chokes out, holding them tighter[4]. "I missed you both so much."

"We're right here, Kate," her mother smiles, wiping a tear from **Kathryn**'s cheek[4]. "We're always going to be right here."

Inside the warm apartment, **Michael** puts his arm around **Kathryn**'s waist as the family gathers around the dining table[8]. The morning sun floods the room, illuminating a world restored, where tragedy has been erased, bonds have been renewed, and second chances shine across the multiverse.

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